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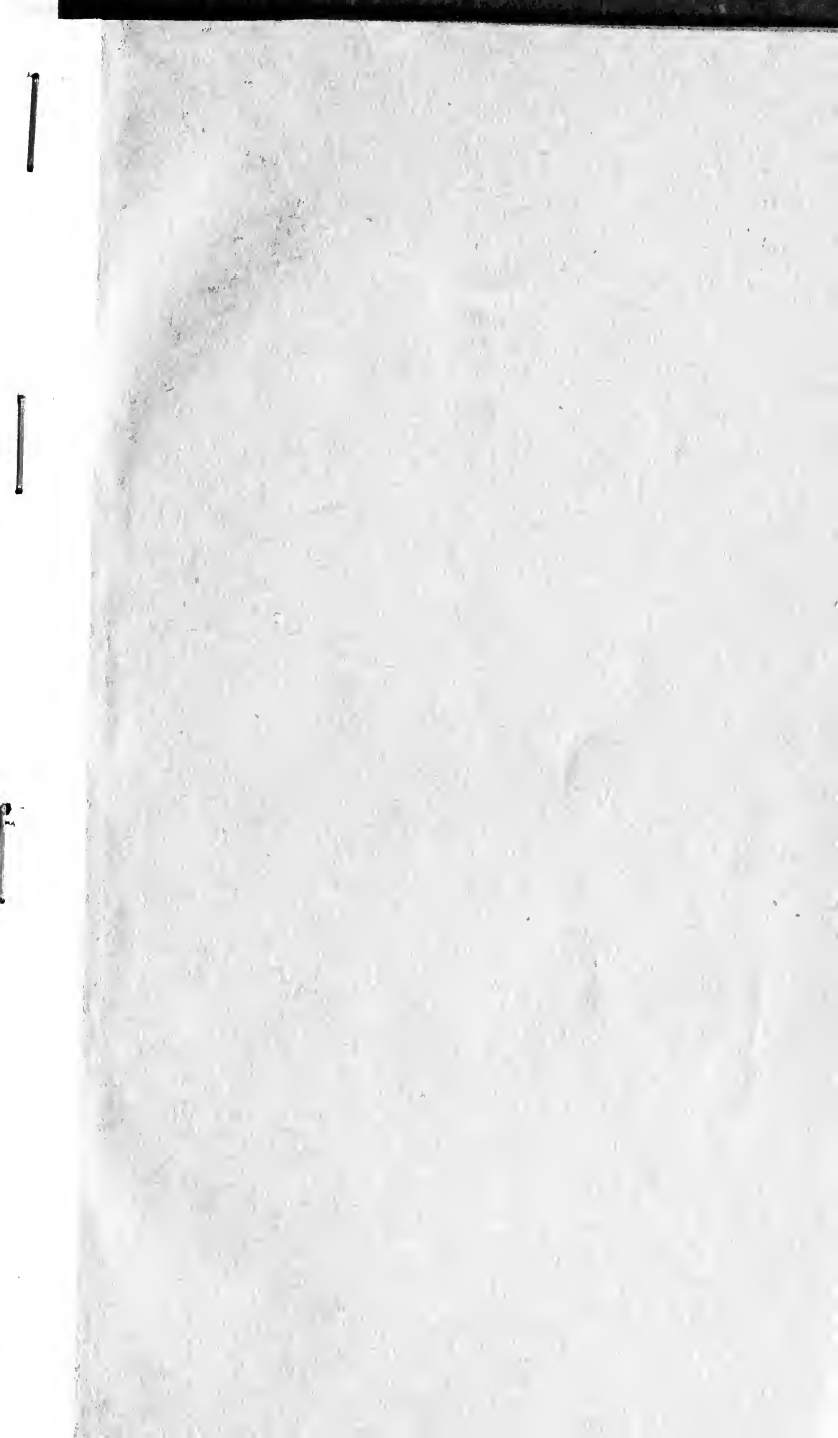
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Shakespeare's Henry  
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SHAKSPERE'S

HISTORICAL PLAY OF

# Henry the Fifth,

*Arranged for Representation in Five Acts,*

BY

CHARLES CALVERT,

AND PRODUCED UNDER HIS DIRECTION AT,

BOOTH'S THEATRE,

FEBRUARY, 1875.

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
26 WEST 22D STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
89, STRAND

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1975

TO VNU  
ASSOCIATION

## PREFATORY REMARKS.

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For the Explanatory Notes in this Edition of Henry the Fifth the following authorities have been consulted:—

Nicolas' History of the Battle of Agincourt.

Fabyan.—Tyler.—Stow.—Froissart.

Encyclopædia Britannica.

Sandford's Genealogical History.

Hall's Chronicle.

The Chronicle of Hardyng.

Holinshed.—Monstrelet.

Sharon Turner.—Hume.

The Notes on Heraldry, by Alfred Darbyshire, Esq. (See Appendix.)

Authorities consulted by J. D. Watson, Esq., for the Costumes, Arms, and Armour of Henry the Fifth, as represented at the Prince's Theatre.

- 1.—The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain, by C. A. Stothard, F.S.A.
- 2.—Dress and Habits of the People of England, by Joseph Strutt.
- 3.—Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities, by Joseph Strutt.
- 4.—History of British Costume, by J. R. Planché, F.S.A.
- 5.—Costume in England—a History of Dress, by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.
- 6.—Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, by Henry Shaw, F.S.A.
- 7.—Military Antiquities, by Francis Grose, F.A.S.
- 8.—Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe, by John Hewitt.
- 9.—Old England, by Charles Knight.
- 10.—A Manual of Monumental Brasses, by Rev. Herbert Harries, M.A.
- 11.—Enquiries into the Origin and Progress of the Science of Heraldry in England, by J. Dallaway, A. M.
- 12.—A History of Caricature and of the Grotesque in Art, by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., etc.
- 13.—Les Arts au Moyen Age, by P. Lacroix.
- 14.—Mœurs, Usages, et Costumes, au Moyen Age, by P. Lacroix.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED

---

- RUMOR, as CHORUS .....
- KING HENRY V.....
- DUKE OF GLOSTER .. { Brothers to } ..
- DUKE OF BEDFORD... { the King. } ...
- DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King,
- DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the King.....
- EARL OF SALISBURY.....
- EARL OF WESTMORELAND.....
- EARL OF WARWICK .....
- ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY....
- BISHOP OF ELY.....
- EARL OF CAMBRIDGE { Conspirators } .....
- LORD SCROOP ..... { against the } .....
- SIR THOMAS GREY ... { King. } .....

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM	$\left. \begin{array}{c} \text{Officers in King} \\ \text{Henry's Army.} \end{array} \right\}$	.....
GOWER .....		.....
MACMORRIS.....		.....
FLUELLEN .....		..
JAMEY .....		.....
BATES .....	$\left. \begin{array}{c} \text{Soldiers in} \\ \text{King Henry's} \\ \text{Army.} \end{array} \right\}$	.....
COURT .....		..
WILLIAMS ...)		.
NYM .....	$\left. \begin{array}{c} \text{Formerly Servants to} \\ \text{Falstaff, now Soldiers} \\ \text{in King Henry's} \\ \text{Army.} \end{array} \right\}$	..
BARDOLPH, ..		..
PISTOL .....		..
BOY, Servant to the above .....		.....
A HERALD .....		.....
CHARLES VI., King of France.....		.....
LEWIS, the Dauphin.....		.....
DUKE OF BURGUNDY .....		.....
DUKE OF ORLEANS .....		.....
DUKE OF BOURBON .....		.....
A FRENCH SOLDIER .....		.....
THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE ....		.....
RAMBURES,.....	$\left. \begin{array}{c} \text{French Lords.} \end{array} \right\}$	...
GRANDPRE, ....		.....
GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR.....		.....
MONTJOY, a French Herald.....		.....
THE BISHOP OF BOURGES .....		.....
PRINCESS KATHERINE .....		.....

DAME QUICKLY, (Pistol's Wife,) an Hostess,

ISABEL, Queen of France. . . . .

ALICE, a lady attendant upon the Princess Katherine,

Civic and Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, Knights, Nobles, Pages,  
Ladies of the Court, and other Attendants;  
Soldiers, Citizens, etc., etc.

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The following historical characters of the time are also represented in the various scenes of the play:—John de Holland, Earl of Huntington; Harry, Lord Fitzhugh; William, Sire de Willoughby; John, Sire de Clifford; Thomas of Lancaster, Duke of Clarence; Sir John Blount; Thomas Fitzallen, Earl of Arundell; John Mowbray, Earl Marshall; Thomas, Lord Camoys; Sir William Harrington; Gilbert, Lord Talbot; Gilbert, Lord Roos; Richard de Vere, Earl of Oxford; Walter, Lord Hungerford; Thomas, Baron Carew; Clynton; John Cornwall, Knt., afterwards Lord Fanhope; Lord Ferris; William-de-la-Zouche; Sir Richard Hastings; Sir William Botelot; Sir John Asheton, Knt.; John, Lord Maltravers; Hugh Stafford, Lord Bouchier; Stanley; Sir Gilbert Umfreville, Earl of Kyme; Sir Simon Felbridge; Lewis Robsart, afterwards Lord Bouchier; Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March; Duke of Alencon.



SHAKSPERE'S  
HENRY THE FIFTH.

---

ACT I.

RUMOUR *appears as Chorus.*

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention !  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment.  
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man  
And make imaginary puissance :  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,  
Admit me chorus to this history.

## SCENE 1.

## THE THRONE ROOM IN THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER

*Present, the Dukes of Bedford (a) and Gloster, (b) Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland; others in attendance.*

*Enter the KING. (c)*

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?  
*Exe. (d)* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.

*West.* Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY (e) and Bishop of ELY,  
with attendants.*

*Cant.* God and his angles guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it.

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you  
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed:  
And justly and religiously unfold,  
Why the law Salique, (g) that they have in France,  
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.  
And heaven forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,  
With opening titles miscreate, whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
We charge you, in the name of Heaven, take heed:  
For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

(a) John, Duke of Bedford, was the third son of King Henry IV., his brother, Henry V., left to him the Regency of France. He died the year 1435. This duke was accounted one of the best generals of royal race of Plantaganet.

(b) Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, was the fourth son of King Henry and on the death of his brother, Henry V., became Regent of England. It is generally supposed he was strangled. His death took place in year 1446.

(c) Henry the V. of that name, and son of Henry the III. began reygne over this realme of Englande ye xxi day of the monet Marche. \* \* \* This man, before ye deth of his fader, applyed unto all vyce and insolency, and drewe unto hym all ryottours, wylde dysposed persones; but after he was admytted to the rule of lande, anone and sodaynly he became a newe man, and tourned all rage and wyldnes into sobernesse and wyse sadnesse, and the vyce costant vertue.—*Fabyan.*

He was Duke of Lancaster and Earl of Chester and Derby.—*Tyler.*

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,  
 'Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords  
 That make such waste in brief mortality.  
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord :

*Cant.(h)* Then hear me, gracious sovereign; and you peers,  
 That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,  
 To this imperial throne :—There is no bar  
 To make against your highness' claim to France,  
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
 “ In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,”  
 “ No woman shall succeed in Salique land ;”  
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze  
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
 The founder of this law and female bar.  
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
 That the land of Salique is in Germany,  
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :

*K. Hen.* May I, with right and conscience, make this claim ?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !  
 For in the Book of Numbers it is writ,—  
 When the son dies, let the inheritance  
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;  
 Look back into your mighty ancestors :  
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,  
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,  
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince ;  
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
 Making defeat on the full power of France ;  
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
 Forge in blood of French nobility.

*West.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats :  
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;  
 The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
 Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege  
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Exe.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth

(d) Exeter was half brother to King Henry IV., being one of the sons of John of Gaunt, by Catherine Swynforn.

(e) Henry Chichely, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury.

(f) John Fordham, consecrated 1388 ; died, 1426.

(g) THE LAW SALIQUE.—According to this law no woman was permitted to govern or be a queen in her own right. The title was only allowed to the wife of the monarch. This law was imported from Germany by the warlike Franks.

(h) The Archbishop's speech in this scene, explaining King Henry's title to the crown of France, is closely copied from Holinshed's chronicle, page 545.

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know your grace hath cause, and means, and  
might:

So hath your highness; never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messenger sent from the dauphin.

*Exit Herald with Lords. The KING ascends his throne.*

Now we are resolved; (a) and, by Heaven's help  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to peices: there we'll sit,  
Ruling, in large and ample empery,  
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.

*Enter Ambassadors of France. (b) Attendants carrying a  
treasure chest.*

Now are we well prepared to know the treasure  
Of our fair cousin dauphin; for, we hear,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* May't please your majesty to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;  
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness  
Tell us the dauphin's mind.

*Amb.* Thus, then, in few.  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third,  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says, that you savour too much of your youth;  
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France

(a) "About the middle of the year 1414, Henry V., influenced by the persuasions of Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, by the dying injunctions of his royal father, not to allow the kingdom to remain long at peace, or more probably by those feelings of ambition, which were no less natural to his age and character, than consonant with the manners of the time in which he lived, resolved to assert that claim to the crown of France which his great grandfather, King Edward the Third, had urged with such confidence and success."—*Nicolas's History of the Battle of Agincourt.*

(b) The charge of this Ambassade was committed unto the Erle of Vendosme to Mayster Bouratier, Archbyshop of Bourgues. \* \* \* And the King, sitting under his cloth of Estate, the said Ambassador had accesse unto him.—*Stow.*



That can be with a nimble galliard won :  
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
 This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,  
 Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim  
 Hear no more of you. This the dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle ?

*Exe.* (*Opening the chest.*) Tennis-balls, my liege.

*K. Hen.* We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with us ;  
 His present, and your pains, we thank you for :  
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
 We will in France, by Heaven's grace, play a set  
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :  
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
 With chaces.

But this lies all within the will of God,  
 To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,  
 Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on  
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
 So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the dauphin,  
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.  
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors and Attendants.*]

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition.  
 For we have now no thought in us but France ;  
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars  
 Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,  
 That may, with reasonable swiftness, add  
 More feathers to our wings ; for, Heaven before,  
 We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.

## SCENE 2.

**EASTCHEAP, LONDON.****EXTERIOR OF THE BOAR'S HEAD.***Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.**Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.*Bard.* What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.*Nym.* 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, and that is the rendezvous of it.*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may; though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.*Enter PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY, and the BOY.**Bard.* Here comes Ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?*Pist.* Base tike, call'st thou me host?Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.*Quick.* (*Perceiving Nym*). O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not here. Now we shall see wilful burglary and murder committed. Good Lieutenant Bardolph—*Bard.* Good corporal, offer nothing here.*Nym.* Pish!*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick eared cur of Iceland.*Quick.* Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor and put up thy sword.*Nym.* Will thou shog of? I would have you *solus*.[*Sheathing his sword.*]*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;

*Nym.* I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if you would walk off, I would prick your hide a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;  
Therefore exhale.

[PISTOL and NYM draw.

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me, what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[Draws.

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.  
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut my throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I defy thee again.  
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends. We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*Nym.* That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound: push home.

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, as thou wilt be friends, be friends: and thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shilings I won of you at betting.

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;  
And liquor likewise will I give thee,  
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:  
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—  
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well, then, that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* Bardolph, be blithe!—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;  
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead.  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is.

*Quick.* Nay, sure, he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John, quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—Heaven, Heaven, Heaven! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of Heaven: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

*Quick.* 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in flames?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire; that's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away.—My love give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"

Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

*Boy.* And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

*Quick.* Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorn

to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers: I must leave them and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.]

*Chorus Appears.*

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
 Now thrive the armourer's, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:  
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
 For now sits expectation in the air;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,  
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.  
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do  
 Were all thy children kind and natural!  
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms which he fills  
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—  
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the second,  
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—  
 Have, for the gilt of France (O guilt, indeed!)  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises),  
 Ere he take ship for France.  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported to Southampton:

## SCENE 3.

## THE BEACH AT SOUTHAMPTON.

## THE ENGLISH FLEET AT ANCHOR. (a)

EXETER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,  
GREY,

*Lords, Soldiers, and Attendants discovered.*

*Bed.* 'Fore Heaven, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors. (b)

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves!  
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception which they dream not of. (c)

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,  
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—  
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

(a) The King had a vessel 186 feet in length from the onmost end of the stern onto the post behind. The stern was in height 96 feet, and the keel in length 112 feet. The topcassles were not the forecassles, but were castellated enclosures at the mast heads, in which the pages to the officers were stationed during an engagement, in order to annoy the enemy with darts and other missiles.—*Vide Illuminations to Froissart.*

Some had three and others only two masts, with short topmasts, and a "forestage" or "forecassle," consisting of a raised platform or stage, which obtained the name of castle from its containing soldiers, and probably from its having bulwarks.—*Enc. Britt.*

Tyler holds the opinion that Henry of Monmouth should be regarded as the founder of the British Navy. Sir Henry Ellis, in his publication, suggests the same view, and many facts tend to confirm and illustrate it.

The *Bell Rolls* record the payment of a pension, which bears testimony to the interest taken by Henry in his infant navy, and to the kindness with which he rewarded those who had faithfully served him. The pension is stated to have been given to John Hoggekyns, master carpenter, of special grace, because by long working at the ships his body was much shaken and worsted.

When he sailed from Southampton, in his first expedition to France, he went on board his own good ship "The Trinity."

The high importance which Henry attached to these rising bulwarks of his country shows itself in various ways: in none more curious and striking than (a fact, it is presumed, new to his history) in the solemn religious ceremony with which they were consecrated before he committed them to the mighty waters. One of the highest order of the Christian ministry was employed, and similar devotions were performed at the dedication of one of the royal "great ships" as we should find in the consecration of a cathedral. They were called also by some of the holiest of all names ever uttered by Christians. Thus at the completion of the good ship "The Gracedien," at Southampton, the venerable father in Christ, the Bishop of Bangor, was commissioned by the King's council to proceed from London, at the public expense, to consecrate it.—*Tyler.*

*Enter the KING, attended.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.  
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,  
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :  
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us  
Will cut their passage through the force of France ;  
Doing the execution, and the act,  
For which we have in head assembled them ?

*Scroop. (d)* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded,  
We carry not a heart with us from hence  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;

*Cam. (e)* Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd  
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True : those that were your father's enemies  
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter  
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person ; we consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on ;  
And, on our more advice, we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security :  
Let him be punished, sovereign ; lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life,  
After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.  
If little faults proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

(b) His Men shipped, and the King himself ready to go on board: a conspiracy against his life is discovered, forged by Richard Earl of Cambridge, Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, the Lord Treasurer, and Sir Thomas Grey of Northumberland, who, being suborned by the French for a Million of Gold, as upon their apprehension they confessed (though their indictment contains other matter), were all three put to death! which was no sooner performed but that the Wind blowing fair, King Henry weighs Anchor, and with a Fleet of 160 ships sets sail on Lady Day, An. 1414.—*Sanford's Genealogical History of the Kings.*

(c) It is recorded that though this plot was solely to place the young Earl of March on the throne, he himself informed the king of its existence so attached was he to the person of Henry, who had treated him with unusual magnanimity.

(d) Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, was third husband of Joan, Duchess of York, (she had four) mother-in-law of Richard, Earl of Cambridge.

(e) Richard, Earl of Cambridge, was Richard de Coninsbury, younger son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth.

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,  
 Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
 Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,  
 And tender preservation of our person,  
 Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;  
 Who are the late commissioners?

*Cam.* I one, my lord;  
 Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And I, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;  
 There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,  
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:  
 Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.  
 My Lord of Westmoreland and uncle Exeter,  
 We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?  
 What see you in those papers, that you lose  
 So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!  
 Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,  
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood  
 Out of appearance?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault;  
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey, Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy that was quick in us but late,  
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:  
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.  
 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,  
 These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,—  
 You know how apt our love was, to accord  
 To furnish him with all appertinents  
 Belonging to his honour; and this man  
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
 And sworn unto the practices of France,  
 To kill us here in Hampton: to the which  
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!  
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou cruel,  
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!  
 Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
 That almost mightst have coined me into gold,  
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use;  
 May it be possible, that foreign hire  
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,  
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,  
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
 If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,  
 Should with his lion gate walk the whole world,  
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
 And tell the legions, I can never win



A soul so easy as that Englishman's.  
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiancè! Show men dutiful?  
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?  
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?  
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?  
 Why, so didst thou: I will weep for thee  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open.  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;  
 And God acquit them of their practices!

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

*Scroop.* Our purposes Heaven justly hath discover'd;  
 And I repent my fault more than my death;  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam. (a)* For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;  
 Although I did admit it as a motive,  
 The sooner to effect what I intended.

*K. Hen.* Heaven quit you in its mercy! Hear your sentence.  
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers  
 Received the golden earnest of our death;  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt  
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge; (b)  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death:  
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
 Patience to endure, and true repentance  
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, guarded.]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof  
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;

(a) The confession of the Earl of Cambridge, and his supplication for mercy in his own handwriting, are in the British Museum.

(b) This speech is taken from Holinshed:—"Revenge herein touching my person, though I seek not; yet for the safeguard of my dear friends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be showed; get ye hence, therefore, you poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein God's majesty give you grace of His mercy, and repentance of your heinous offences."

Since Heaven so graciously hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,  
 To hinder our beginnings;—  
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition. (a)

## ACT II.—FRANCE.

### SCENE 1.

## A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF CHARLES THE VI.

*Enter the French KING, (b) attended by the DAUPHIN, the Duke  
 of BURGUNDY, (c) the CONSTABLE, and others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus come the English with full power upon us;  
 And more than carefully it us concerns,  
 To answer royally in our defences.  
 Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,  
 Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,  
 And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,  
 To line and new repair our towns of war,  
 With men of courage, and means defendant.

*Dau. (d)* And let us do it with no show of fear;  
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:  
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

(a) But the grandest ship of all that went  
 Was that in which our good king sailed.—*Old Ballad.*

(b) Charles VI., surnamed the Well-Beloved, was King of France during the most disastrous period of its history. He ascended the throne in 1380, when only thirteen years of age. In 1385 he married Isabella of Bavaria, who was equally remarkable for her beauty and her depravity. The unfortunate king was subject to fits of insanity, which lasted for several months at a time. On the 21st of October, 1422, seven years after the battle of Agincourt, Charles VI. ended his unhappy life at the age of fifty-five, having reigned forty-two years.

(c) John, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Fearless, succeeded to the Dukedom in 1403. He caused the Duke of Orleans to be assassinated in the streets of Paris, and was himself murdered August 28th 1419, on the bridge of Montereau, at an interview with the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII. John was succeeded by his only son, who bore the title of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous youth,  
That fear attends her not.

*Con.(e)* O peace, prince dauphin !  
You are too much mistaken in this king :  
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—  
With what great state he heard their embassy,  
How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
How modest in exception, and withal  
How terrible in constant resolution,  
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

*Dau.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,  
But though we think it so, it is no matter  
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems :

*Enter MONTJOY, who kneels at the KING'S feet.*

*Mont.* Ambassadors from Harry, King of England,  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring  
them.

*[Exeunt MONTJOY and Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit : for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten  
Runs ar before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short ; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head :

*Enter EXETER, attended by English Lords, preceded by  
MONTJOY.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother of England ?

*Exe.* From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.  
He wills you, in the name of Heaven,  
That you divest yourself and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of Heaven,  
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,  
And all the wide-stretched honours that pertain,

(d) Lewis, the Dauphin, was the eldest son of Charles the VI. He was born 22nd January, 1396, and died before his father. December 18th, 1415, in his twentieth year. History says "Shortly after the battle of Agincourt, either for melancholy that he had for the loss, or by some sudden disease, Lewis, Dowphin of Viennois, heir apparent to the French king, departed this life without issue."

(e) The Constable, Charles D'Albret, commanded the French army at the battle of Agincourt, and was slain on the field.

By custom and the ordinance of times,  
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know  
 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,  
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long vanish'd days,  
 Nor from the dust of long oblivion rak'd,  
 He sends you this most memorable line,

[Gives a paper to MONTJOY, who delivers  
 it kneeling to the KING.]

In every branch truly demonstrative ;  
 Willing you overlook this pedigree :  
 And, when you find him evenly deriv'd  
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
 From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows ?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown  
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :  
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message.  
 Unless the dauphin be in presence here,  
 To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this further  
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
 Back to our brother of England.

*Dau.*

For the dauphin,

I stand here for him : What to him from England ?

*Exe.* Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt.  
 And anything that may not misbecome  
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
 Thus says the king : and, if your father's highness  
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
 That caves and womby vaultages of France  
 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock  
 In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair return,  
 It is against my will ; for I desire  
 Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,  
 As matching to his youth and vanity,  
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

*Exe.* Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
 Come here to question our delay ;  
 For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall soon be despatch'd, with fair con-  
 ditions.

A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
 To answer matters of this consequence.

[Exit English party with MONTJOY and others—  
 the French Lords group around the KING.]

CHORUS *appears.*

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
 In motion of no less celerity  
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
 The well appointed king at Hampton pier  
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.  
 Play with your fancies ; and in them behold  
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing :  
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the hugh bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think  
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
 A city on the inconsistant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestic,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !  
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy ;  
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
 Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance :  
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?  
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege :  
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur,  
 The nimble gunner  
 With linstock now the devillsh cannon touches,  
 And down goes all before them.

SCENE 2.

## THE ENGLISH INTRENCHMENTS. WITHIN BOWSHOT OF HARFLEUR.

*The English repulsed from an attack on the Breach.*

*Enter King HENRY hastily, attended.*

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;  
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !  
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As modest stillness and humility :  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height !—On, on, you nobless English,  
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !  
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.  
 Dishonour not your mothers ;  
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not ;  
 For there is none of you so mean and base  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;  
 Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !  
 [*The King leads to the assault.*]

## SCENE 3.

**THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE MINES.**  
**THE DUKE OF CLOSTER'S**  
**QUARTERS.**

*Enter, alarmedly, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and the Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !

*Nym.* 'Pray thee, corporal, stay ; the knocks are too hot ;  
 and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives : the humour  
 of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just ; for humours do abound ;  
 Knocks go and come ; our vassals drop and die ;

And sword and shield,  
 In bloody field,  
 Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* 'Would I were in an alehouse in London ! I would give  
 all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

*Pist.* And I:  
 If wishes would prevail with me,  
 My purpose should not fail with me,  
 But thither I would hie. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter, severally, Captain GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversars (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines; by Saint Tavy. I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given,<sup>(a)</sup> is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

*Flu.* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Saint Tavy, he is an ass as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Gow.* Here 'a comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Saint Tavy, he will mantain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY.*

*Jamy.* I say, gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

*Mac.* By Saint Patrick, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly com-

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(a) The Duke of Gloucester, to who the ordre of the assaulte was comitted, made thre mynes under the ground, and approached the walles with ordinance and chrynges and would not suffer them within to reste at any tyme.—*Hall's Chronicle.*

munication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline? that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the kings, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, s'death, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: by Saint Patrick, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done.

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

*Mac.* Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish it a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself: s'blood, I will cut off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen, both, you will mistake each other.

[*A parley sounded.*]

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE 4.

**THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.  
AT THE BREACH.  
SIGNS OF A SEVERE CONFLICT.**

*The Governor of the Town appears on the walls with a Flag of Truce. (a)*

King HENRY *and others discovered.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governor of the town ?  
This is the latest parle we will admit :  
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;  
Or, like to men proud of destruction,  
Defy us to the worst : for, as I am a soldier,  
(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best),  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur  
Till in her ashes she lie buried.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;  
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
With conscience wide as hell ; mowing like grass  
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.  
What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?  
We may as bootless spend our vain command  
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
As send precepts to the Leviathan  
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
Take pity of your town and of your people,  
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;  
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of headly murder, spoil and villainy.  
If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;  
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls ;  
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes ;  
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
At Herods bloody-hunting slaughtermen.  
What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?

---

(a) Whiles at last thei bette the towne toures their,  
And what the Kyng with faggottes that there were,  
And his connyng werching under the wall,  
With is Gunes castyng thei made ye toure to fall.

*The Chronicle of Hardyng, ccxiii. Chapter.*

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end :  
The dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,  
Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready  
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,  
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy :  
Enter our gates : dispose of us and ours ;  
For we no longer are defensible.

*K. Hen.* Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,  
Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,  
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :  
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—  
The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.  
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest ;  
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

*The English Army enter the Town.*

## SCENE 5.

### THE FRENCH PALACE AT ROUEN.

*Discovered the French KING, (a) the DAUPHIN, the Duke of  
BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, ORLEANS, and others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Con.* *Mort de ma vie!* If they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

*Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle ?

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy, the herald ? speed him hence ;  
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.  
Up, princes ; and, with spirit of honor edged,  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field ;  
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;  
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;  
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,  
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames,  
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :  
Rush on his host as doth the melted snow

---

(a) The French King being at Roan, and hearing that the King of England had passed the water of Some, was not a little discontent. \* \* \* And so Mountjoy, King at Armes, was sent to the King of England to defy him as the enemy of France.—*Stowe.*

Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat  
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon;  
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen  
 Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.* This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick and famished in their march;  
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,  
 And let him say to England, that we send  
 To know what willing ransom he will give.  
 Prince dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall remain with us.  
 Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;  
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE 6.

### A VIEW IN PICARDY.<sup>(b)</sup>

*Distant Battle heard.*

*Enter GOWER meeting FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, Captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (Heaven be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ancient there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is called Ancient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

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(b) Then the dolphin and other lordes of Fraunce \* \* \* brake the brydge to lette ye kyng of his passage over ye water of Sum. Wherefore he was constrained to drawe towarde Pycardy. and so pass by the ryver of Peron, whereof the Frenshmen beyng ware assembled and lodgyed them at certayne townes named Agyncourt, Rolandcourt, and Blanzy, with all the power of Fraunce.—*Fabyan's Chronicles.*

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours ;  
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise Got ; and I have merited some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,  
And of buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,  
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, Ancient Pistol, Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind : And she is painted also with a wheel ; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation : and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls ;—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it ; fortune is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;  
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a' be.  
A damned death ?

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate :  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death  
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice ;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach :  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why, then rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at ; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions ; for disciplines ought to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damned and *figo* for thy friendship.

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain !

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

*Flu.* Very good.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal ; I remember him now ; a thief ; a cutpurse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, a' uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day : But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue ; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier.

*Flu.* I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is ; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming ; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND,  
Lords, and Soldiers.

*Flu.* Heaven pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge; the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great; marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off:—(a) and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Enter* MONTJOY and Attendants.

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Hen.* Well, then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial; England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion the losses we

(a) It will be seen by the following extract from an anonymous Chronicler how minutely Shakespere has adhered to history: "There was brought to the king in that plain a certain English robber, who, contrary to the laws of God and the Royal proclamation, had stolen from a church a pix of copper gilt, found in his sleeve, which he happened to mistake for gold, in which the Lord's body was kept; and in the next village where he passed the night, by decree of the King he was put to death on the gallows." Titus Livius relates that Henry commanded his army to halt until the sacrilege was expiated. He first caused the pix to be restored to the church, and the offender was then led, bound as a thief, through the army, and afterwards hung upon a tree, that every man might behold him.

have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested ; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses his exchequer is too poor ; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number ; and, for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance ; and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose cendemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name ? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now ;

But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment ; for, to say the sooth,

(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage),

My people are with sickness much enfeebled ;

My numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have

Almost no better than so many French.

Yet, forgive me Heaven.

That I do brag thus !—this your air of France

Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.

Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am ;

My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk ;

My army but a weak and sickly guard ;

Yet, Heaven before, tell him we will come on,

Though France himself, and such another neighbour, Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Go bid thy master well advise himself :

If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

Discolour ;(a) and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this :

We would not seek a battle as we are :

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it ;

So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

(*Exit* MONTJOY.)

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

(a) My desire is, that none of you be so *unadvised*, as to be the occasion that I, in my defence, shall *colour* and make *red your tawny ground* with the effusion of Christian blood. When he (Henry) had thus answered the Herald, he gave him a great reward, and licensed him to depart—*Holinshed*.

## ACT III.

CHORUS *appears.*

Now entertain conjecture of a time  
 When creeping murmur and the poring dark,  
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,  
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.  
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul  
 The confident and over-lusty French  
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè  
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad  
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !  
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;  
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile :  
 And calls them—brothers, friends and countrymen.  
 Upon his royal face there is no note  
 How dread an army hath enrounded him.

SCENE 1.

### THE FRENCH DAUPHIN'S TENT. NEAR AGINCOURT (NIGHT.)

*The DAUPHIN, the CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, and others discovered  
 —some playing at dice, &c.*

*Con.* Tut ! I have the best armour of the world.—'Would  
 it were day !

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour.

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I best ride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Dau.* Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.<sup>(a)</sup>

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Orl.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis past midnight, I'll go arm myself.

[*Exit* DAUPHIN.]

*Orl.* The dauphin longs for morning.  
He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.<sup>(b)</sup>

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawn, as we do.

(a) They were esteemed to be in nombre sixe times as many, or more than was the whole compaigny of the Englishmen with wagoners, pages, and all.—*Hall's Chronicle*.

(b) Holinshed says that the distance between the two armies was but 250 paces.



*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy headpieces.

*Con.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion,

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

*Dau.* (*re-entering*). It is now two o'clock; but, let me see,—  
by ten,  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

## SCENE 2.

### WITHIN THE ENGLISH LINES (NIGHT.) *c*

*Soldiers on guard, others sleeping, others at prayers.*

*Enter King HENRY, meeting his brothers GLOSTER and BEDFORD, also Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM.*

*K. Hen.* Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.  
Good morrow, brother Bedford.

(*c*) The night was passed in silence and earnest devotion in the English camp, every one contemplated the morrow with an awful solemnity. The resolution to exert themselves to their last breath for their own preservation and honor was universal; but their state of weakness from disease and suffering, and the vast superiority of the enemy, forbad much hope.—*Sharon Turner.*

The Frenchmen made greate fires about their banners \* \* \* and all that night made greate chere, and were very mery. The Englishmen that night sounded their trompettes and diverse instruments musicale with greate melody, and yet they were bothe hungry, wery, sore traveled and much vexed with colde diseases: Howbett they made peace with God, in confessyng their synnes, requiring hym of help, and receivng the holy sacramente, every man encouragyng and determyng clerely rather to dic than either to yelde or fle.—*Hall's Chronicle.*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :<sup>(a)</sup>  
 A good soft pillow for that good white head  
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.* Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,  
 Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

*K. Hen.* Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
 Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,  
 Desire them all to my pavillion.

*Glo.* We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and BEDFORD.]

*Erp.* Shall I attend your grace?

*K. Hen.*

No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:  
 I and my bosom must debate awhile,  
 And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.]

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheerfully.

*Enter* PISTOL.

*Pist.* *Qui va là.*

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; Art thou an officer?  
 Or art thou base, common and popular?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

*K. Hen.* Even so: What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor,

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the king.

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock and a heart of gold,  
 A lad of life, an imp of fame;  
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant;  
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heartstrings  
 I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry *Le Roy*.

*Pist.* *Le Roy!* a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish crew?

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Knowest thou Fluellen?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock is leek about his pate,  
 Upon St. Davy's day.

*K. Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day,  
 lest he knock that about yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The *figo* for thee, then!

*K. Hen.* I thank you: God be with you.

*Pist.* My name is Pistol called.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

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(a) Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Brittany, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So! in the name of all the Saints, speak fewer. (b) It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now.

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and  
MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Hen.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

*K. Hen.* Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the king?

*K. Hen.* No; nor it is not meet he should. No man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

(b) Shakspeare has here, as usual, followed Holinshed: "Order was taken by commandment from the king, after the army was first set in battle array, that no noise or clamor should be made in the host."

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:— But this is not so: Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained.

*Will.* 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou darest as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word; fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

*The KING alone.*

*K. Hen.* Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful (*a*) wives,  
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king.  
We must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,  
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense  
No more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite hearts-ease must kings neglect  
That private men enjoy?

And what have kings that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,  
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee, and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

---

(*a*) Full of care—anxious.

The farced title running 'fore the king,  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;  
 Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest cramm'd with distressful bread :  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;  
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium ;  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
 Had the forehand and vantage of a king.

*Enter* ERPINGHAM.

*Erp.* My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
 Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
 Collect them all together at my tent :  
 I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do't my lord. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* O God of Battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!  
 Possess them not with fear! Take from them now  
 The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers!  
 Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,  
 O not to-day! Think not upon the fault  
 My father made in compassing the crown!  
 I Richard's body have interred new;  
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears  
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
 Who twice a day their withered hands hold up  
 Toward Heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built  
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
 Sing still for Richard's soul.(a) More will I do.

*Enter* GLOSTER.

*Glo.* My liege!

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay.  
 I know thy errand. I will go with thee.

[*Exeunt.*

(a) He sent unto ye fryers of Langley, where the corps of kynge Richarde was buried, and caused it to be taken out of ye erth, and so with reverence and solempntie to be conveyed unto Westmynster, and upon the south syde of seynt Edwardes shryne, there honourably to be buried by queene Anne his wife, which there before tyme was entered. And after a solempn terment there holdon, he provyded that iiii tapers shulde breune daye and nyght about his grave, whyle the world endureth: and one day in the weke a solempne dirige, and upon the morrowe a masse of Requiem by note; after which masse endyed, to be gyven wekely unto pore people. XI. S. VIII. in pens; and upon ye day of his anniversary, after ye sayd masse of Requiem is songe, to be yerely distybuted for his soule, XX. li. d.—*Fabyan.*

## SCENE 3.

**THE DAUPHIN'S TENT (as before.)***Sunrise.**The DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, and others discovered.**Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour ; up my lords.*Dau.* *Montez à cheval* :—My horse ! *valet ! lacquay !* ha !*Orl.* O, brave spirit !*Dau.* *Via !—les eaux et la terre.**Orl.* *Rein, puis ? l'air et le feu—**Dau.* *Ciel !* Cousin Orleans.—*Enter Constable.*

Now, my lord constable !

*Con.* The English are embattled, you French peers.

To horse, you gallant princes ! streight to horse !

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,

And your fair show shall suck away their souls

Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands ;

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,

To give each naked curtle-ax a stain.

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,

Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully,

The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks.

With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping their hides and hips :

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;

And in their pale dull mouths the grimmel bit

Lies fowl with chaw'd grass, still and motionless ;

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

*Orl.* They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,

And after fight with them ?

*Con.* I stay but for my guard. On to the field ; I will the banner from a trumpet take,

And use it for my haste. Come, come away !

The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE 4.

**THE ENGLISH POSITION AT AGINCOURT.**

GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, ERPINGHAM, *and*  
WESTMORELAND *discovered.*

*Glo.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one; besides they are all fresh.

'Tis a fearful odds.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then joyfully.

*Erp.* My noble lord of Bedford,

My dear Lord Gloster, and my good Lord Exeter

And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu!

*West.* O that we now had here

*Enter* KING HENRY, *attended.*

But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.*

What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men the greater share of honour.

O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that outlives this day, and sees old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours;

And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian:

Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars:

And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.

Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words,—

Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

This story shall the good man teach his son;



And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remember'd :  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile  
 This day shall gentle his condition ;  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gower.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :  
 The French are bravely in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz ?

*West.* Heaven's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,  
 Without more help, could fight this royal battle !

*K. Hen.* Why, now, thou hast unwish'd five thousand men ;  
 Which likes me better than to wish us one.—  
 You know your places : God be with you all !

*Enter MONTJOY and attendants.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,  
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
 Before thy most assured overthrow :  
 For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf  
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,  
 The constable desires thee thou wilt mind  
 Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls  
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
 From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodeis  
 Must lie and fester.

*K. Hen.*

Who hath sent thee now ?

*Mont.* The constable of France.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back ?  
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.  
 Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows thus ?  
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
 Let me speak proudly :—Tell the constable,  
 We are but warriors for the working-day :  
 Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd  
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;  
 There's not a piece of leather in our host  
 (Good argument, I hope, we will not fly),  
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :  
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldier's heads,  
 And turn them out of service. If they do this  
 (As, if Heaven please, they shall), my ransom then  
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;  
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;  
 'They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints ;  
 Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

*Mont.* I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well :  
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* I fear, thou wilt once more come again for ransom.  
 Now, soldiers, march away :—

And how thou pleasest, Heaven, dispose the day !

[*The King leads them to the attack.*

## SCENE 5.

### PART OF THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

*Alarums ; Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and  
 Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, prenez misericorde ! ayez pitie de moy !*

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys ;  
 For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,  
 In drops of crimson blood.

*Fr. Sol.* *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?*

*Pist.* Brass, cur !  
 Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
 Offer'st me brass ?

*Fr. Sol.* *O pardonnez moy.*

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?  
 Come hither boy : Ask me this slave in French,  
 What is his name.

*Boy.* *Escoutez ; Comment estes vous appellé.*

*Fr. Sol.* *Monsieur le Fer.*

*Boy.* He says his name is Master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and fir him, and ferret him :  
 —discuss the same in French unto him.

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and fir.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

*Fr. Sol.* *Que dit-il, monsieur !*

*Boy.* *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest ;  
 car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre  
 gorge.*

*Pist.* Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant.  
 Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ;  
 Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol.* *O je vous supplie, me pardonner ! Je suis gentil-homme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent escus.*

*Pist.* What are his words ?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life ; he is a gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

*Pist.* Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

*Fr. Sol.* *Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?*

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—

Follow me.

[*Exit* PISTOL.

*Boy.* *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* [*Exit* French Soldier.  
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

## SCENE 6.

### T A B L E A U .

## THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

The king is reported to have dismounted before the battle commenced, and to have fought on foot.

Holinshed states that the English army consisted of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse and 40,000 infantry—in all, 100,000. Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9,000, and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7,000, The battle lasted only three hours.

The noble Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother, pushing himself too vigorously on his horse into the conflict, was grievously wounded, and cast down to the earth by the blows of the French, for whose protection the King being interested, he bravely leapt against his enemies in defence of his brother, defended him with his own body, and plucked and guarded him from the raging malice of the enemy's, sustaining perils of war scarcely possible to be borne.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.*

Thus this battaile continued iii long houres, some strake, some defeded some foyned, some traversed, some kylled, some toke prisoners. uo man was idle, every man fought either in hope of victory or to save him selfe. The Kyng that day shewed him selfe like a valiaunt knight, whiche notwithstanding that he was almost felled with the Duke of Alaunson, yet

with plain strength he slew ii of the Duke's company, and felled the Duke; but when the Duke would have yielded to him, the Kynge's garde, contrary to the Kynge's minde outrageously slewe him.—*Hall's Chronicle.*

During the battle the Duke of Alencon most valiantly broke through the English lines, and advanced fighting near the King—inasmuch that he wounded and struck down the Duke of York. King Henry seeing this stepped forth to his aid, and as he was leaning down to aid him the Duke of Alencon gave him a blow on his helmet that struck off part of his crown. The King's guards on this surrounded him, when seeing he could no way escape death but by surrendering, he lifted up his arms and said to the King, "I am the Duke of Alencon, and yield myself to you." But as the King was holding out his hand to receive his pledge he was put to death by the guards.—*Monstrelet.*

## SCENE 7.

**PART OF THE FIELD OF BATTLE.**

*Enter* DAUPHIN, CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, and others  
in confusion.

*Con.* O diable!

*Orl.* O seigneur!—*le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

*Dau.* Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—O *meschante fortune!*—

Do not run away.

[*A short alarum.*]

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

*Dau.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour: Once more back again.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

*Orl.* We are enow, yet living in the field,

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

*Con.* The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;

Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* KING HENRY, WARWICK, (a) BEDFORD, GLOSTER,  
EXETER, and others, with a part of the English forces.

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice valiant contrymen:  
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

*Exe.* The Duke of York(b) commends him to your majesty.

(a) Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He did not obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play.

(b) The Duke of York commanded the van guard of the English army, and was slain in the battle.

This personage is the same who appears in Shakspeare's play of King

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour  
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array (brave soldier!) doth he lie,  
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side  
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.  
Suffolk first died: and York all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And cries aloud,—“Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;  
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,  
We kept together in our chivalry!”  
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd.  
A testament of noble-ended love.  
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
And all my mother came into mine eyes  
And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not;  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—  
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—

*Enter hastily several LORDS and GOWER. The LORDS speak to  
the KING—GOWER goes to FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Kill the boys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against  
the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you  
now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly  
rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter

*K. Hen.* The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men;—  
Then every soldier kill his prisoners; Give the word through.  
[*Exit attended.*]

*Gow.* O, 'tis a gallant king!

*Flu.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower: What  
call you the town's name where Alexander the pig, was porn?

*Gow.* Alexander the Great?

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig or the  
great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all  
one reckonings save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his  
father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

---

Richard the Second by the title of Duke Aumerle. His Christian name was Edward. He was the eldest son of Edmund Langley, Duke of York, who is introduced in the same play, and who was the fifth son of King Edward III. Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward, Duke of York.

*Flu.* I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, Captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Heaven knows, and you know), in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I'll tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE 8.

## THE PLAINS OF AGINCOURT. AFTER THE VICTORY.

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France  
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;  
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones  
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:  
And not a man of them, that we shall take,  
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

[*The bodies of York and Suffolk are carried  
across by the Soldiers.*]

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

*Enter* MONTJOY.

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald?  
Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.* No, great king,  
I come to thee for charitable licence,  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,  
To book our dead, and then to bury them.

*K. Hen.* I tell thee, truly, herald,  
I know not if the day be ours, or no;  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,  
And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be Heaven, and not our strength, for it.—  
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt,

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your  
majesty, and your great uncle Edward the plack prince of  
Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave  
pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is re-  
membered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden  
where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;  
which your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable  
padge of the service; and, I do pelieve, your majesty takes no  
scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour:  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's  
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless  
it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his  
majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Saint Tavy, I am your majesty's countryman, I care  
not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not  
be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Heaven, so long as  
your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* Heaven keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;  
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY  
and others.*

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I  
should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with  
me last night: who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this  
glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see  
my glove in his cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he  
would wear if alive), I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this  
soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your  
majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Heaven's ground and its earth, in my concience, la.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literated in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will my liege.

*Exit WILLIAMS.*

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, as thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Heaven of its grace that I might see it.

*K. Hen.* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*[Exit King HENRY.]*

*Flu.* I will fetch him.

*Re-enter WILLIAMS with GOWER.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Flu.* Heaven's will and its pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this; and thus I challenge it. *[Strikes him.]*

*Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

*Gow.* How now, sir? you villain?

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.



*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.*

*War.* How now, how now? what's the matter?

*Flu.* My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Heaven for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

[*Enter the KING.*

*K. Hen.* How now, what's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood), what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me in testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier! Look, here's the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;  
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld,

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself; you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, Uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns.  
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap,  
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Heaven, and keep you out of prawls, and prables, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald ; are the dead number'd ?

*Her.* Here is the number of slaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a paper.*]

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

*Exe.* Charles, Duke of Orleans, (a) nephew to the king ;  
John, Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt ;  
Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French  
That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,  
Five hundred were but yesterday, dubb'd knights :  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;  
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
Where is the number of our English dead ?

[*Herald presents another paper.*]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,  
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire ;  
None else of name ; and of all other men,  
But five-and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,  
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,  
But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss,  
On one part and on the other ? (b)

*Exe.*

'Tis wonderful !

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites ;  
Let there be sung *Non Nobis* and *Te Deum* ;  
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay ;  
And then to Calais ; and to England then ;  
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. (c)

*All kneel and join in the Song of Thanksgiving.*

(a) Charles Duke of Orleans was wounded and taken prisoner at Agincourt. Henry refused all ransom for him, and he remained in captivity twenty-three years.

(b) Among the most illustrious persons slain were the Dukes of Brabant, Barré, and Alençon, five counts, and a still greater proportion of distinguished knights ; and the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Vendôme, who was taken by Sir John Cornwall, the Marshal Bouciqualt, and numerous other individuals of distinction, whose names are minutely recorded by Monstrelet, were made prisoners. The loss of the English army has been variously estimated. The discrepancies respecting the number slain on the part of the victors, form a striking contrast to the accuracy of the account of the loss of their enemies. The English writers vary in their statements from seventeen to one hundred, whilst the French chroniclers assert that from three hundred to sixteen hundred individuals fell on that occasion. St. Remy and Monstrelet assert that sixteen hundred were slain.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.*

## ACT IV.

CHORUS *appears.*

Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,  
Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea:  
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,  
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;  
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.  
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:  
Where that his lords desire him to have borne  
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,  
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,  
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;  
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,  
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,  
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens,  
The Mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,  
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;

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In short, the number of persons including Princes, Knights, and men of every degree, slain that day, amounted to upward of ten thousand, according to the estimates of heralds and other able persons. \* \* \* \* \* Of these ten thousand it was supposed only sixteen hundred were of low degree, the rest all gentlemen; for in counting the Princes there were one hundred and six score banners destroyed.—*Monstrelet.*

(c) The Kyng, when he saw no appearance of enimies, caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his armie together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalme:—"In exitu Israel de Aegypto and commaunded every man to kneele downe on the ground, at this verse non nobis domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da glorium." Which doone, he caused Te Deum with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or any humane power.—*Holinshed.*

## HISTORICAL EPISODE.

### RECEPTION OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH ON ENTERING LONDON AFTER THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.\*

\* Extracts of King Henry's reception into London from an anonymous Chronicler, who was an eye-witness of the events he describes :

“And when the wished-for Saturday dawned, the citizens went forth to meet the King. \* \* \* viz., the Mayor(a) and Aldermen in scarlet, and the rest of the inferior citizens in red suits, with party-coloured hoods, red and white. \* \* \* When they had come to the Tower at the approach to the bridge, as it were at the entrance to the authorities to the city. \* \* \* Banners of the Royal Arms adorned the Tower, elevated on its turrets; and trumpets, clarions, and horns, sounded in various melody; and in front there was this elegant and suitable inscription upon the wall, ‘Civitas Regis justicie’—(‘The City to the King’s righteousness.’) \* \* \* And behind the tower were innumerable boys, representing angels, arrayed in white, and with countenances shining with gold, and glittering wings, and virgin locks set with precious sprigs of laurel, who, at the King’s approach, sang with melodious voices, and with organs, an English anthem.

\* \* \* \* \*

“A company of prophets, of venerable hoariness, dressed in golden coats and mantles, with their heads covered and wrapped in gold and crimson, sang with sweet harmony, bowing to the ground, a psalm of thanksgiving.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And they sent forth upon him round leaves of silver mixed with wafers, equally thin and round. And there proceeded out to meet the King a chorus of most beautiful virgin girls, elegantly attired in white, singing with timbrel and dance, as it were an angelic multitude, decked with celestial gracefulness, white apparel, shining feathers, virgin locks, studded with gems and other resplendent and most elegant array, who sent forth upon the head of the King passing beneath minæ of gold, with bows of laurel; round about angels shone with celestial gracefulness, chaunting sweetly, and with all sorts of music.

“And besides the pressure in the standing places, and of men crowding through the streets, and the multitude of both sexes along the way from the bridge, from one end to the other, that scarcely the horsemen could ride through them. A greater assembly, or a nobler spectacle, was not recollected to have been ever before in London.”

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(a) The Lord Mayor of London, A. D., 1415, was Nicholas Wotton.

## ACT V.

SCENE 1—FRANCE.

INTERIOR OF THE PALACE AT  
TROYES.*The Princess KATHARINE and her Attendants discovered.**Kath. Alice tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.**Alice. Un peu, madame.**Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois ?**Alice. La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.**Kath. De hand. Et les doights ?**Alice. Les doights ? ma foy, je oublie les doights, mais je me souviendray. Les doights ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.**Kath. La main, de hand ; les doights, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?**Alice. Les ongles ? les appelons, de nails.**Kath. De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nails.**Alice. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.**Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras**Alice. De arm, madame.**Kath. Et le coude ?**Alice. De elbow**Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present.**Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.**Kath. Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.**Alice. De elbow, madame.**Kath. O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie, De elbow, Comment appelez vous le col ?**Alice. De nick, madame.**Kath. De nick : Et le menton ?**Alice. De chin.**Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.**Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.**Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.*

*Alice.* *N'avez vous pas déjà oubbié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

*Kath.* *Non je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

*Alice.* De nails, madame.

*Kath.* De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

*Alice.* *Sauf vostre honneur.* de elbow.

*Enter on one side the French KING and QUEEN, with their Court, and on the other the KING OF ENGLAND,(a) with attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!  
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,  
Health and fair time of day ;—joy and good wishes  
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;  
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)  
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy ;—  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :—  
So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great Kings of France and England ! That I have labour'd  
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd  
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
You have congregated ; let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
Why that naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,  
Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?  
Alas ! she hath from France too long been chas'd  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;  
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country :  
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—

(a) Shortly after his arrival he waited on the King and Queen of France, and the Lady Catherine their daughter, when great honour and attentions were by them mutually paid to each other.—*Mon'trelet.*

To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
 And everything that seems unnatural.  
 Which to reduce into our former favour  
 You are assembled; and my speech entreats  
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace  
 Should not expel these inconveniences,  
 And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,  
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
 With full accord to all our just demands;  
 Whose tenors and particular effects  
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,  
 There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well, then, the peace  
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursory eye  
 O'er-glanced the articles: pleaseth your grace  
 To appoint some of your council presently  
 To sit with us once more, with better heed  
 To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,  
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,  
 And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Glóster,  
 Warwick, and Huntington, go with the king:  
 And take with you free power to ratify,  
 Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best  
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
 Anything in, or out of, our demands;  
 And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,  
 Go with the princess, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them  
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
 When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us;  
 She is our capital demand, compris'd  
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all excepting KING HENRY,  
 the PRINCESS, and ALICE.*

*K. Hen.* Fair Katherine, and most fair!  
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
 And plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* (*conversing with the aid of Alice.*) Your majesty shall  
 mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly  
 with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it  
 brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an  
 angel.

*Kath.* *Que dit-ii? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

*Alice.* *Ouy, vrayment (sauf votre grace), ainsi dit-il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so dear Katherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Alice.* *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is full of deceits: dat is de princess.*

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better Englishwoman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding.

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.*

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)



—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l' Anglois le quel je parle.*

*K. Hen.* No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me. How answer you, *la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon tres chere et divine déesse?*

*Kath.* Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is en *France.*

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French? By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate. Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken. Wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon pere.*

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez; ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames, et demoiselles, pour estre baissées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutûme de France.*

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser*, en English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy.*

*K. Hen.* It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice.* *Ouy, vrayment.*

*K. Hen.* O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more

eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.

[*The King leads out the Princess, followed by the attendant.*]

SCENE 2.

**A VIEW OF TROYES FROM THE BRIDGE.**

*Enter Captain GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower: The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits.—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you.

Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say, very true, scald knave, when Heaven's will is; I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*]

You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to, if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I

will peat his pate four days: Bite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly; and out of doubt and out of questions, too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat—and eat—I swear.

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

*Flu.* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to seek leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat.

*Flu.* Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Heaven be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit with* GOWEN.]

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE 3.

## INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF TROYES.—THE CEREMONY OF THE ESPOUSAL OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH TO THE PRINCESS KATHARINE OF VALOIS. (a)

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,  
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,

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(a) At this interview, which is described as taking place in the Church of Notre Dame, at Troyes, King Henry was attired in his armour, and accompanied by sixteen hundred warriors. Henry is related to have placed a ring of "inestimable value" on the finger of Katharine, "supposed to be the same worn by our English queen-consorts at their coronation," at the moment when he received the promise of the princess.

Katharine was crowned Queen of England February 24, 1421; and shortly after the death of her heroic husband, which event took place August 31st, 1422, the queen married a Welch gentleman of the name of Owen Tudor, by whom she had three sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Edmund, married Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of the house of Somerset. His half-brother, Henry VI., created him Earl of Richmond. He died before he reached twenty years of age, leaving an infant son, afterwards Henry VII., the first king of the Tudor line. Katharine died January 3d, 1437, in the thirty-sixth year of her age, and was buried at Westminster Abbey.

As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks ;  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality ; and that this day  
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England ?

*West.* The king hath granted every article :  
His daughter, first ; and then, in sequel, all,  
According to their firm proposed natures.

*Exe* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Noter tres cher filz Henry, roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France* ; and thus in Latin:—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Anglæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,  
But your request shall make me let it pass. (b)

*K. Hen.* I pray you, then, in love, and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest :  
And, thereupon, give me your daughter. (c)

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son ; and from her blood raise up  
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction

(b) Councils were then holden for the ratification of the peace, and whatever articles had been disagreeable to the King of England in the treaty were then corrected according to his pleasure. When relating to the peace had been concluded, King Henry, according to the custom of France, affianced the Lady Catherine.—*Monstrelet.*

The principal articles of the treaty were, that Henry should espouse the Princess Catherine: That King Charles, during his lifetime, should enjoy the title and dignity of King of France: That Henry should be declared and acknowledged heir of the monarchy, and be intrusted with the present administration of the government: That that kingdom should pass to his heirs general: That France and England should for ever be united under one king, but should still retain their several usages, customs, and privileges: That all the princes, peers, vassals, and communities of France, should swear, that they would both adhere to the future succession of Henry, and pay him present obedience as regent: That this prince should unite his arms to those of King Charles and the Duke of Burgundy, in order to subdue the adherents of Charles, the pretended dauphin; and that these three princes should make no peace or truce with him but by common consent and agreement. Such was the tenour of this famous treaty—a treaty which, as nothing but the most violent animosity could dictate it, so nothing but the power of the sword could carry it into execution.—*Hume's History of England.*

(c) On the morrow of Trinity-day the King of England espoused her in the parish church near to where he was lodged. Great pomp and magnificence were displayed by him and his prince, as if he were at that moment King of all the world.—*Monstrelet.*

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord  
 In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
 His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,  
 That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.  
 God, the best maker of all marriages,  
 Combine our hearts in one, our realms in one!  
 That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
 Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

*All.* Amen!

## **THE ESPOUSAL.**

### **CURTAIN.**

## NOTES ON HERALDRY DISPLAYED IN HENRY V.

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As **Heraldry** forms an important feature, in a decorative sense, in Mr. Calvert's *Revival of Henry V.*, it has been thought desirable to insert a few explanatory notes on a subject perhaps little understood now-a-days except by the antiquary or the amateur, whose fancy happens to lead him into the investigation of a Science long since decayed, and it may be said, almost forgotten. Thackeray has somewhere said, "that a knowledge of Heraldry a hundred years ago formed part of the education of most noble ladies and gentlemen;" and the inimitable Die Vernon said to Frank Osbaldiston, "not know the figures of Heraldry!—of what could your father be thinking?" And assuming that the majority of those who will witness the revival of Henry V. will not understand its heraldic figures, a few laconic observations are here introduced as a sort of help to the unravelling of their mysteries.

**The Royal Arms of England.**—From the reign of Henry IV. till the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne, the royal Shield and banner was blazoned *France modern* and England quarterly. Much has been said in support of the theory that the shield hanging up with other relics in Westminster Abbey, belonging to Henry V. was the identical one used by the monarch at the battle of Agincourt; but the blazoning of this shield is so unlike any heraldry displayed by Henry, and so thoroughly French in character, the conclusion may be logically arrived at, that it is a mere trophy brought from that memorable field, a fact still further borne out by the statement of Elmham, a contemporary chronicler who distinctly describes the king's heraldry as consisting of "three golden flowers planted in an azure field, and three golden leopards sporting in a ruby field."

**The Royal Arms of France.**—The Royal Shield and Banner or *Oriflamme*, as used at the period of the action of the play, had a blue ground charged with three golden *Fleurs-de-lis*. This display of the royal heraldry of France is known to heraldic scholars as *France modern* in contradistinction to *France ancient*, which consisted of a blue field sprinkled all over with golden *Fleurs-de-lis*. The change from *France ancient* to *France modern* was made by Charles V., about the middle of the fourteenth century.

**Badges and Collars.**—Badges form a very interesting section of heraldic study and investigation; they are not to be confounded with, or mistaken for, charges on shields or banners; they are entirely distinct heraldic figures, having reference to incidents of historical or personal interest. The Royal badges form a most interesting group; and all have

reference to the varying fortunes of their princely owners. The *plantagenista*, or sprig of broom, is well known in connection with the great house of Plantagenet; the red and white roses of York and Lancaster, and the feathers of the Prince of Wales, are all familiar to the student of history.

The badges of Henry V. chosen for adoption in the revival of the play are the *Black Swan chained*, the *Red Rose of Lancaster*, and a single *Ostrich Feather*.

The Black Swan of the de Bohuns was the favourite badge of both Henry and his father, Henry of Bolingbroke. The following quotation from Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," will explain the reason for its adoption;—"Henry the Fourth's first wife was Mary de Bohun, the co-heiress of the Earl of Hereford, Lord Constable of England. \* \* \* \* Her sister was married to Henry's uncle, Gloucester. \* \* \* \* She (Mary) died in the bloom of life, leaving six infants, namely, the renowned Henry V.; Thomas, Duke of Clarence; John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of England; Blanche, married to the Count Palatine; and Phillipa, to Eric, King of Denmark. \* \* \* It was from Mary Bohun that Henry derived his title of Duke of Hereford."

In addition to badges, the adherents of the two great rival houses wore *collars*, sometimes made of embroidered stuff, and often of metal wrought with all the cunning of the artistic goldsmith. The Yorkist collars were formed mostly of alternate *Suns and Roses*, and the Lancastrian of the letter "S" repeated, supposed to represent the word "*Soveraygne*," a motto of Henry the Fourth's. In the play Henry wears this collar, having a pendant containing the Black Swan, with wings extended.

**The Royal Crown and Circlet.**—A radical change took place in the form and details of the royal diadem in the reign of Henry V. Prior to this period the crown consisted of a mere circlet of metal, ornamented with strawberry leaves and pearls, as represented on coins and sepulchral monuments. In Henry's reign this circlet was first *arched over*, and surmounted by the *ball and cross*; the strawberry leaves gave way to *crosses*, *patées*, and *fleurs-de-lis*. The circlet without the arches was worn by the heroic Henry, surmounting his steel cap in warfare; and the head-dress of the king in the Revival forms an interesting and correct reproduction of this emblem of royalty as actually used at the battle of Agincourt. The *complete* crown has been made from sketches taken from Henry's monument in Westminster Abbey.

**Montjoy, the Herald of the French.**—"Montjoy," the name given to the principal herald of Charles VI., plays an important part in Shakespere's Henry V., and would probably hold an office somewhat analogous to that of "Garter" amongst English Heralds. In the early days of English heraldry, individual devices or bearings became so popular, and, consequently, so numerous, that it was absolutely necessary to arrange, classify, and chronicle them, so that a knight might be easily recognized by his bearings and heraldic insignia. Not only was this desirable in the actual din of battle, but in the more peaceful lists at home. When a champion entered equipped for the tournament, his name and style were given by the heralds, who called attention by a blast or flourish of trum-

pets: afterwards the persons who arranged and chronicled armorial bearings were called heralds. These heralds acted in a collegiate capacity in the reign of Henry V., incorporated by Royal Charter in the reign of Richard III., followed by another in that of Edward VI. They consist of three kings, six heralds, and four pursuivants, and constitute what is known in our time as the "College of Heraldry." The art of describing Shields of arms was designated "*Blazon*," and at the close of the thirteenth century a distinct and recognized science was established, which has ever since been called Heraldry.

**Flags and Banners.**—The Banners displayed in the Revival of Henry V. form a most interesting and decorative feature, and produce a rich and pleasing picture of the Heraldry of the period. Boutell, in his admirable little work on "*English Heraldry*," divides the flags of mediæval times into three sections, viz., *The Pennon, Banner, and Standard*. The Pennon was a swallow-tailed pendant from the lance-head of the Knight, whose personal ensign it was, charged with badges or other armorial devices. The banner was nearly square in form, and was charged with the Cote-armour of the bearer, and not with any other devices. The sails of ships were also emblazoned with Cote-armour, as shown in illuminations, seals, and coins. The Standard was of large dimensions, and of considerable length, in proportion to its depth, and tapering towards its extremity. Pennons and standards were charged with the owner's family badges, etc., in addition to coats of arms. The large Standard floating over the Theatre is a very fine example of this class of flag. It has the *Cross of St. George* next the staff, and the fly is divided into red and white, the livery colors of the house of Lancaster, charged with the Bohun black swan, woodstocks, fox-tails, and Lancastrian red roses. This standard is a type of many; but a record of it is preserved. It was the Standard actually used by Henry Plantagenet of Bolingbroke, and would very probably be used by his chivalrous son at Agincourt, and would attend him on his expedition through France.

**Blazon of the Roll of Arms of the Principal Personages who attended Henry in his French Campaign.**—In an important production such as Henry V., where so much of the action is warlike, and full of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of mediæval warfare, it seemed very desirable to accurately represent on the stage the *actual* banners and shields used by Henry and his retinue. To achieve this was a task of no ordinary magnitude, inasmuch as the heraldry must be that in use at the period, and must be represented with all the spirit and conventionality of mediæval art. Whilst the rolls of Caerlaverock, Battle, and others exist, there is no blazoned *role* extant of the arms of those who composed the retinue of Henry V., and therefore considerable research into sepulchral monuments and other sources of information has been instituted to arrive at a satisfactory result. In the blazon of this roll of arms, the *family or hereditary arms* of the different owners are only given, for it is a well ascertained fact that however many quarterings appeared in time of peace and for peaceful purposes, the shield and banner in time of war contained only the simple family arms of the owner. This is beautifully exemplified in the celebrated Roll of Caerlaverock as blazoned and published by Sir Harris Nicolas.

A. DARDYSHIRE.





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